

Welcome

Savatage

The lights come on

The set is down
The curtain's flown away
To all you creatures of the night
I say it's time we play

We'll show you things

That in your life
You'd never dreamed you'd know
So now before the ghosts arrive
It's welcome to the show

Minstrels, kings, explorers
Fantasies on order
Ghosts and dreams awakened
Stories long forsaken

The minstrel and the sorcerer
Are switching their disguise

The jester drinks and starts to think

That he alone is wise

The governor and journalist
Exchange a Judas kiss
And now before the song is done
The plot begins to twist

Ghosts and lost explorers
Fate with all her daughters
Saints and hopeless sinners
Wise men in their winters
Know

Welcome to the show
Welcome to the show
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Welcome to the show

HIS LIFE WAS NEARLY OVER
AS HE STOOD UPON THE BEACH
THINKING ABOUT DEATH AND THE OCEAN
WHILE STILL SAFELY OUT OF REACH

AND HE HELD THERE IN HIS HAND
A WELL WORN HOURGLASS
AND THOUGH THE SAND WAS STILL INSIDE

SOON THIS TOO WOULD PASS

THEN HE KNELT TO TOUCH THE WATER
WHERE THE WAVES WOULD GENTLY FALL
THINKING HERE I TOUCH THE OCEAN
AND THE OCEAN TOUCHES ALL

FOR FROM A LINE OF COUNTLESS SAILORS
HE WAS THE LAST MAN OF HIS KIND
AND THE WORLD HAD CHANGED AROUND HIM
HE HAD NO MOUNTAINS LEFT TO CLIMB

AND HIS LAST NAME WAS MAGELLAN
A DESCENDANT OF THE SAME

OR SO HE SAID IN LATE NIGHT BARS

THOUGH FEW BELIEVED HIS CLAIM

AND SO HE NOW TALKED WITH THE OCEAN
AS HE HAD OFTEN DONE BEFORE
BUT NOW THE WAVES SPOKE BACK TO HIM
AS HE WALKED ALONG THE SHORE

FOR EIGHTY YEARS PLUS SEVEN
HE HAD BEEN UPON THIS EARTH
AND ALL OF THEM BUT EIGHT
HE'D SPENT ON THAT OCEAN SINCE HIS BIRTH

BUT HE WAS NOT THE ONLY ONE
WHO WALKED ALONG THIS COAST
THERE WAS A LADY OLD AND PALE
TO SOME NEARLY A GHOST

SHE HAD ONCE BEEN A GREAT BEAUTY
IT WAS RUMORED IN SOME BARS
WHEN SHE'D LEFT HERE MANY YEARS BEFORE
TO BECOME A MOVIE STAR

BUT EVERY WISH IS NOT TO BE
AH THIS IN TIME SHE LEARNED
AND WHEN HER FINAL CHANCE HAD PASSED
BACK HERE SHE HAD RETURNED

AND EVERYDAY AT SIX O'CLOCK

SHE CAME TO A SMALL CAFE
AND HAD HERSELF A GLASS OF WINE
AND THEN SHE'D WALK AWAY

TO OTHERS SHE WAS GRAY AND OLD
NOT THE BEAUTY SHE'D BEEN BEFORE
BUT IT DID NOT MATTER WHAT SHE WAS
WHAT MATTERED WAS WHAT HE SAW

AND SO FOR NEAR THREE YEARS NOW
HE'D WATCH HER EVERYDAY
AND THOUGH THEY ALWAYS WERE SO CLOSE

HE FELT SO FAR AWAY

FOR HE COULD NEVER QUITE ARRANGE

THE WORDS INSIDE HIS MIND
THAT HE COULD SAY TO MAKE HER STAY
AND HE WAS RUNNING OUT OF TIME

HE COULD NOT FIND THE WORDS TO SAY
TO SUCH A WORK OF DREAMS

AND SO HE WATCHED HER WALK AWAY
AND ALWAYS STAYED UNSEEN